Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my ſweet Son.

Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt their vnreſt on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well afford a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeat,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſignorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If ſorrow can admit ſocietie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didſt kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpſt to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all
That Dogge that had his teeth bef
To worrie lambes, and lap their ge
That foule defacer of Gods handy
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to
O vpright, iuſt, and true diſpoſing
How do I thanke thee, that this carn
Preyes on the iſſue of his mothers b
And makes her pue-fellow with oth

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph n
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am h
And now I cloie me with beholdin
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that ſtabd
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite m
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, becau
Match not the high perfection of
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild
And the beholders of this Tragick
The adulterate *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Va*
Vntimely ſmoothered in their dusk
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelli
Onely reſerued their factor to buy
And ſend them thither, but at han
Enſues his pitteous, and vnpittied
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends ro
To haue him ſuddenly conueyed a
Cancell his bond of life deare Go
That I may liue to ſay the Dog is

Qu. O thou didſt propheſie th
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to hel
That bottell'd ſpider, that foule hu

Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vai
I cald thee then poore ſhaddow, pa
The preſentation of, but what I w
The flattering index of a direfull
One heau'd a high, to be hurld do
Another onely, mockt with two
A dreame of which thou wert, a b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G